

The Atlantic Monthly,

Oct. 11, 1880.

BOSTON.

My dear Stedman:

I am glad you think of letting
me have a poem for January. Please send
it as early in November as possible.

— Forty-seven? That is too bad!
You owe it to your friends to remain young. It
is a sort of treason to his contemporaries

when a man suffers him-
self to be dragged on toward
fifty? at this rate. How am
I to continue twenty-seven
if you keep on?

Yours ever

W.D. Howells.

Oct 10

W.D. Howells